

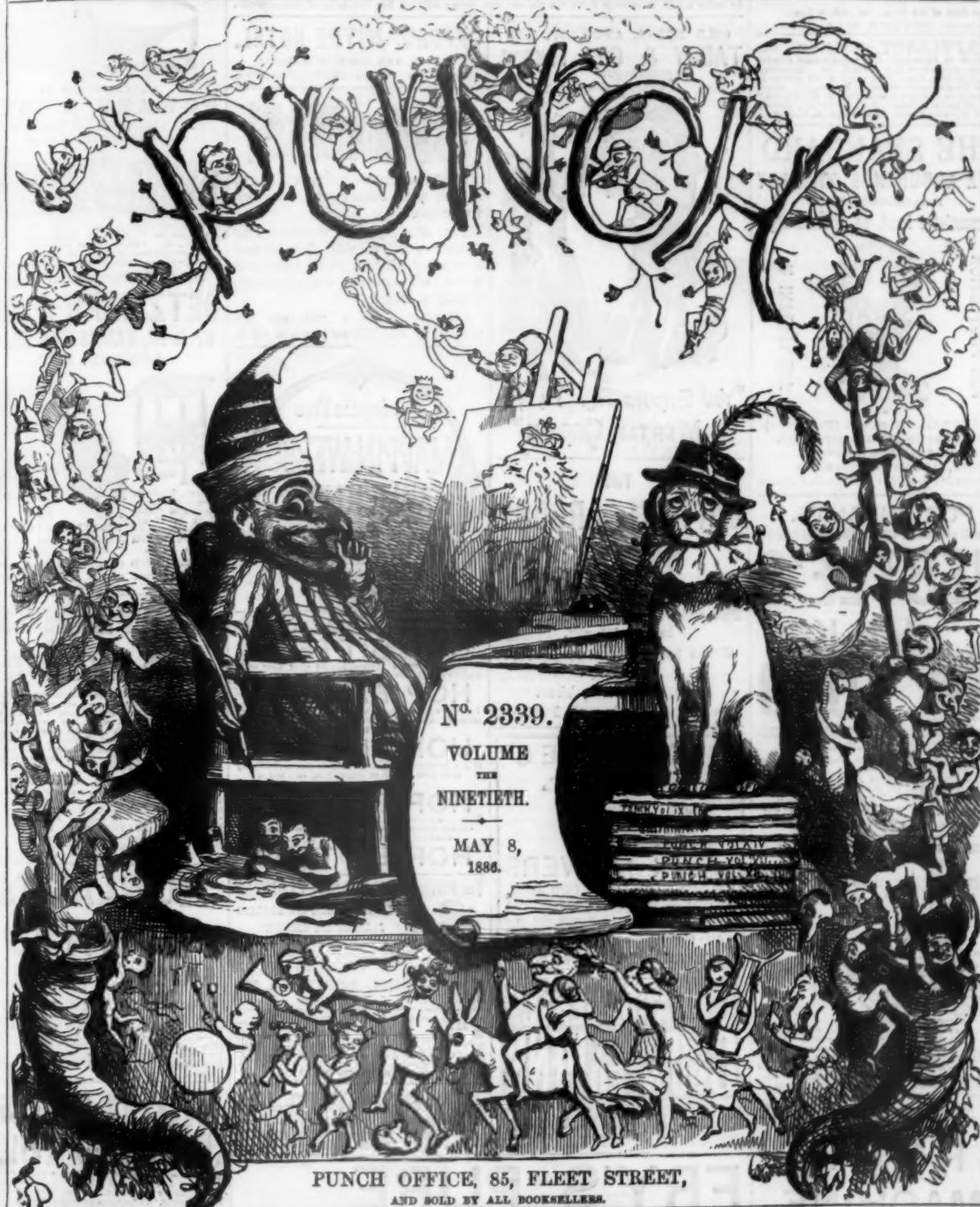
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<p



"ET TU, BRIGHTÉ!"

REMÉDIES À LA ROOSE FOR THE WEAR AND TEAR OF LONDON LIFE.

"Life is not a bed of Roose's."

Motto adopted by Fortnightly Reviewist.

RULE 1.—If, after some experience, you find that pork chops and stout, taken the last thing before going to bed, disagree with you, do not continue the custom. Do not leave it off all at once, but say a chop at a time, and a proportionate amount less of stout.

RULE 2.—When you feel you must sleep, do not resist the impulse, which is the prompting of Nature. Nature is a tender mother; and sleep is her own old nurse. Sleep, therefore, whenever you feel like it." This compliance with Nature's demand may occasionally interfere with business. No matter—

Dors, mon enfant, dors !

Et snore, mon enfant, snore !

Nature shows you the "dors." Out you go—from active life for a time—they up you wake again fresh as a herring.

RULE 3.—The best time for the best work is the early morning. Rise at 4:30 and feel that you are indeed "before the public"—for you are awake before the public think of getting up. It is easy to dust your own study, clean your own boots, brush your own clothes, and make your own tea, coffee, or cocoa, and boil your own eggs. This will save a servant: and you can pocket the wages and put them in a savings-bank. Early rising necessitates early bedding: so to rise at 4:30, means 8:30 P.M. for bed-time, sharp. In adopting this rule you will have to consider the present customs of London Society, and sacrifice them to yourself or yourself to them. Personally speaking, as a Doctor, I can only say *la santé avant tout*. Let your rule be 4:30 to rise. Bed at 8:30 sharp. If you do this, you will soon discover that 8 or 8:30 is not the most convenient dinner hour. And the only exceptions may be once in six weeks, when you invite professional men to dine with you (Doctors for example), for which you can specially prepare by taking two hours' repose before eight o'clock dinner, and deferring bed-time till half-past eleven.

RULE 4.—Take plenty of exercise. If you like walking, walk. If you dine in the middle of the day, you can start early and walk into dinner. If riding suits you, ride. If you can't take plenty of exercise, go without it,—but go. It comes to pretty much the same—in the end.

RULE 5.—As to drinking and eating: if you find red wines disagree with you, don't take 'em: the same rule applies to white and sparkling. Try everything in the way of food. When the right thing is found, make a note of it, like *Captain Cuttle*. Such dishes, so noted, you can call a series of "Cuttle-its." If you find sixteen courses at dinner not enough, increase them by any number you fancy; or if too much, lessen them.

RULE 6.—Coffee, brandy-and-soda, and liqueurs at all hours of the day are only absolutely necessary in certain cases. If your own is one of those cases, take them all: if not, don't. I do not recommend alcoholic drinks to anyone to whom they are inexpressibly repugnant

PUNCH TO THE NEW AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

Nine good bowlers and ten good bats,
Eleven fielders all active as cats,
Game everyone to catch anything catchable,
Two wicket-keepers both simply unmatchable!—
That is a team that should give us some trouble,
And keep all our cricketing cracks at the double.
Our home willow-wielders must play up like bricks
To collar that bowling, to tumble those sticks.
Well, welcome, boys, anyhow! You'll pull together.
Here's wishing you fortune, fair field, and fine weather.
We're looking for many a score-piling day,
And win, lose, or tie, not one wrangle! Hooray!

WRIT IN ERROR.—The Parisian Art-Reviewist of the *Times*, in his notice of the *Salon* last Friday, described as "telling and lifelike" a picture called "*Pain Bénit*," representing, he wrote, "a chorister-boy in a red surplice, distributing the consecrated water, &c." So lifelike! Firstly, no such vestment as "a red surplice" was ever seen. Secondly, because the *pain bénit*, which is being distributed, even when translated by a *Times* Art-Critic, does not mean "consecrated water," but "blessed bread." If "water" was a misprint for "wafer," his error is still worse, and exhibits the scribe's ignorance of the subject, the illustration of which he so jauntily describes as "lifelike." For two good mistakes, in two lines, on matters of fact, a Champion Blunderer would have some difficulty in beating him, whoever he is. There are other queer things in the same article. Is he a Wag?

or distasteful: in these instances the less alcoholic stimulant they take the better for other people who like such drinks.

RULE 7.—Meat five times a day does not suit most persons. If it does not suit *you* in particular, leave it off. Same rule applies to fish.

RULE 8.—When you get wet through, it is not advisable to sit in your things before the kitchen fire till you are dry. More indigestion is caused by this thoughtless process than most people are aware of.

RULE 9.—Smoke moderately. If this doesn't agree with you, smoke immoderately. The first thing in the morning is the best time for a strong cigar or pipe, in bed or immediately on rising from it: smoke while dressing, and in your bath, as this latter habit prevents a chill. If this system doesn't suit you, after giving it a fair trial, don't persevere in it. There are more cases of nervous fibre exhaustion arising from perseverance in what we don't like than most people are inclined to suspect.

RULE 10.—Unwashed salads, uncooked vegetables, and unripe fruit can be taken with impunity. Nature herself will tell you when to leave off. In mixing salads, use plenty of strong vinegar made of old beer. If oil is used, let it be *L'huile du Cabillaud*, or, in default of this, *L'huile de la Roulette*. Perhaps the last is the best of all for salad-making. Walnuts, or if you can't get these a pound or two of the best Kent cob-nuts, are the best things for breakfast. You can vary them with barcelonas occasionally. Always drink pure cocoanut milk; but dilute it with a little hot-water, say about a table-spoonful to half a tumbler. The cocoanut is a far better friend to human nature than the cow.

RULE 11.—Avoid all draughts, hot rooms, crowded salons, theatres, concert-halls, picture-galleries, ball-rooms, and all out-of-door entertainments such as firework fêtes at Crystal Palace, lawn-tennis parties, garden-parties, walking or riding or driving in the Park, and debates in the House of Commons, &c. All these are fatal.

RULE 12.—Be careful to change your clothing with the variations of temperature. Send out some one, whom you can trust, to see and feel what sort of a day it is, and dress accordingly.

RULE THE LAST.—Carefully shun doing anything you don't like, and avoid bothering yourself about anything or anybody. Thus you will escape the effects of the wear and tear of London Life.

(Signed) ROOSE IN URBE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

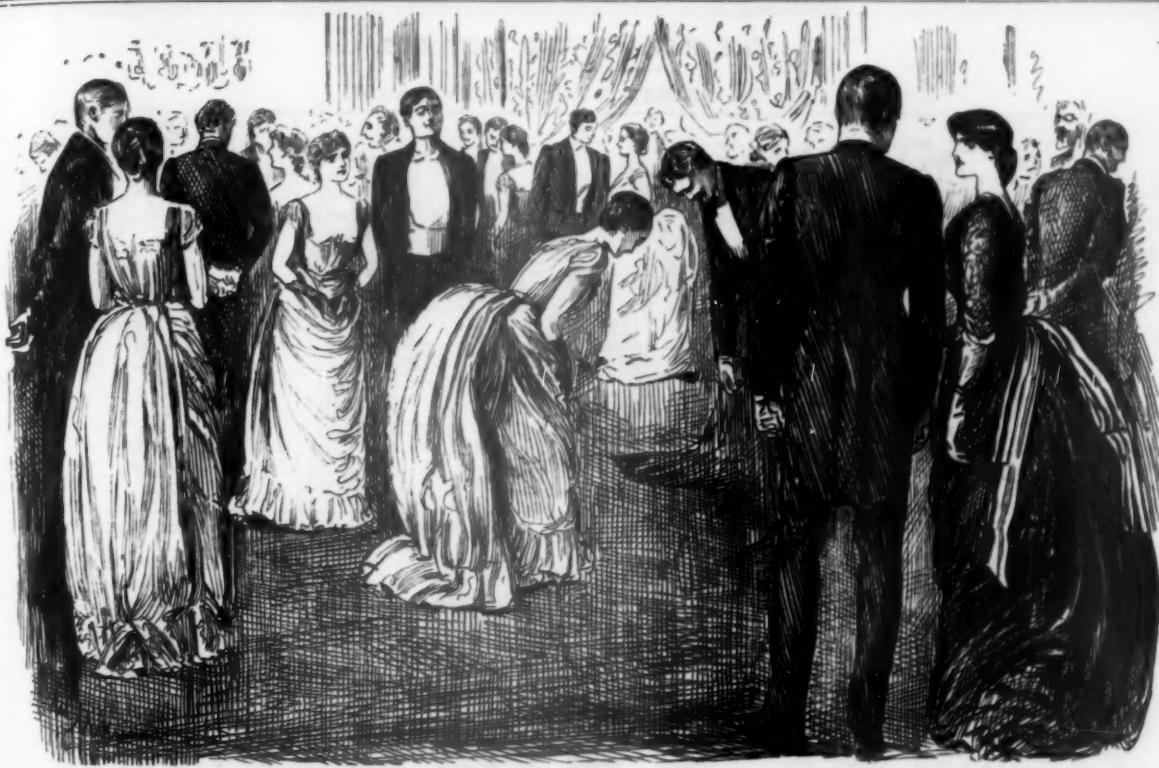
A DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS. Speeches shorter, and necessarily better. The President peculiarly happy in his allusions to RUSSELL LOWELL and ROBERT BROWNING, and in his touching reference to poor RAN-DOLPH CALDECOTT. Among the guests, Lord ROSEBERT's speech "took the cake," with which, a Scotch one "short" and sweet, *Mr. Punch* will present his lordship on the first opportunity. The dinner for the Linners came from LIMMER'S; good; but when the little birds were in due course set before a certain Illustrous Personage—

Exclaimed Prince ALBERT VICTOR of Wales,
"Tales Quales!" id est "Such Quails!"

Which wasn't bad for the one among the party who had most recently left school,—to come to the Academy.



ART IN OLYMPUS: OR, THE ACADEMIA OF THE GODS.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She (to her Partner). "DO YOU LIKE THE LANCERS?"

He. "YAAH. IT'S SO JOLLY TO BE ABLE TO DANCE WITH ANOTHER FELLOW'S PARTNER, YOU KNOW!"

HAIL, BRITANNIA!

OR, "WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY."

O GLAD, green English May,
So jubilant a day
Sawest thou ever, or so brave a sight,
Since first fair Flora trod
Our island's verdant sod, [might,
Since first our sons banded in brotherly
As on this morn of sweet, late-coming Spring
Make London's ways with happy plaudits ring?

The Maypole towers no more
'Midst the huge City's roar,
But here is pageantry more glad and gay,
Of more significance
Than maddest song and dance
Of Merry England in her merriest May.
Who says we shake or shrink, whilst such a
Show

Makes our hearts flutter and our faces glow?

Out on the craven crew!
Here, now, our hearts renew [prime.
At fathomless founts the fulness of our
SPENSER this sight might sing.
Great SHAKESPEARE's silver ring
Circles us still as in his Tudor time,
But limits our Imperial sway no more,
Free of all seas, and fixed on every shore.

No Roman Triumph here!
Mute hatred, sullen fear,
Seowl not unshackled round this conquering
Peace's free offerings these, [car.
Not foemen's grudging fees,
Tributes of slaves, trophies of savage war.
These march with freemen's feet, and in their
ranks
No red lash lacerates, no fetter clanks.

BRITANNIA and her brood,
Meet here in May-Day mood,
From every belt of the earth's climes they
come.

Like scattered children, they
Turn on this festal day
Back to the Mother Isle as to a home,
Unforced save by affection's flowery chain,
Bearing their sheaves, laden with gold and
grain.

From far Canadian snows,
From where the Orient glows
With tints more radiant, and with ruddier
heat,

From sheep-thronged Austral plains,
And Afric's parched champaigns,
They march. Is there not music in their feet
To move to pride the pulses of the free,
More than in all the blasts of Victory?

O welcome, welcome! Throng,
Comely, and brave, and strong,
The paths of the old homestead sea-jailed
here,

Not alien, scarcely strange.
In all its verdurous range
There live no lips to which the ringing cheer
Rises not proudly at the kindling thought
Of all with which this pageantry is fraught.

The dust of our great dead
Might stir at your free tread.
Their heirs are ye, as we are, and the bond
Links us across the deep,
Sea surge, and desert sweep,
Mountains above, and trackless wastes
beyond.

A spirit-federation wherein lies
A subtler tie than statecraft can devise.

Bring, bring your labour's fruits;
The lays of Lydian lutes
Were not so pleasant to our elder ear
As peans in your praise,
Whose youth is strong to raise
Shoutings of hope that drown the dirge of
fear.
Your emulation is our sharpest spur.
Your victory all our thews to strain can stir.

Free tributes from your soil,
And trophies of your toil,
Are triumphs grateful to us as our own.
An opulent parade!
By ministry of trade,

And alchemy of labour ye have grown,
After our own old fashion, with a stride
And to a statue which awakes our pride.

Our sons, in arts, in arms.
Fie upon poor alarms!

BRITANNIA, with her brood around her,
knows
How, were her foes in ring,
Steel to her aid would spring

From Eastern jungles as from Northern
SNOWS,
As in her children's peril, undismayed,
She, too, in their defence, would bare her
blade.

Think you that she'll forget
Egyptian sands, yet wet
With unbought blood which dyed them for
her sake?
Then welcome! Let the shout
Unitedly ring out,

A true fraternal phalanx who shall break?
None save ourselves may mar this fair array,
This peaceful pageantry of English May!

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

No. 164. DECORATION FOR A DENTIST'S HOUSE.



No. I.—Sweets.

No. II.—La Suite. The Sufferer. Visions of Torture.

No. III.—"How's that, Dentist?" "Out!"

A COMPARISON.



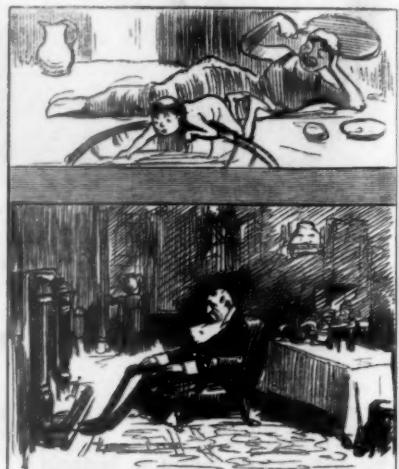
No. 314. English Bathing at Margate. His first dip. "Come to your Martha!"



No. 734. French Bathing. A Dip at Dieppe. Her first experience. The Bathing-man.



No. 195. Neck or Nothing. "To be continued in our Necks!"

Nos. 136 and 137 should be considered as one picture. 137 above and 136 below. *Puzzled Lodger* (on ground floor). "I can't make out what can be going on upstairs."

No. 113. "Had my portrait taken, and can't pay for it! Come out without my purse."



No. 121. (See page 225.) Also inquire at Toole's for the Acting Manager.



No. 274. (See page 225.) "Attitude of Mr. Chamberlain on the Irish Question."

IS THE SHOW AS GOOD AS USUAL? Is there much difference between this Academy Show in '86 and any of the preceding shows that we remember, or ought to remember, within the last quarter of a century? Are there fewer Cavaliers and Roundheads? fewer illustrations of WALTER SCOTT? Is there a Dean SWIFT and a Dr. JOHNSON? Are there illustrations from SHAKESPEARE? Are there smug portraits of "a gentleman" and smiling portraits of "a lady"? Are there plenty of portraits which, interesting only to the sitter and the painter, serve as matter for the smalljeans of the sitters' most intimate friends, and as laughing stocks for the general public? Are scriptural subjects unscripturally treated? Are there a lot of spruce theatrical monks, a few red cardinals, historic scenes, and a fair set of skippers and boys, wild waves, rocks, and sea-birds? Is there a lack of imagination and originality in every department, except in the treatment of the portraits, where these qualities are liberally displayed to the detriment of their identification with the



HAIL, BRIT

(OPENING OF THE COLONIAL



BRITANNIA!

(COLONIAL EXHIBITION, MAY 4.)





SNOB-SNUBBING.

He (after surveying the Company). "MIXED LOT! HARDLY A GENTLEMAN IN THE ROOM!"
She (innocently). "NOT ONE—THAT I CAN SEE!"

originals? Well—one show at Burlington House is uncommonly like another, only more so.

Some of our big artists are this year conspicuous by their fewness. We are ready to admit that in English Art there is only one MILLAIS, and this year there is absolutely "only one MILLAIS" in the Academy. In the majority of cases we do not give the name of the artist, which can be obtained by reference to the Official Catalogue, but prefer to let the pictures speak for themselves, recording our first impressions of what they *ought* to have meant. Now dip in the lucky-bag, and out come the numbers, all prizes and no blanks.

No. 1 will, of course, take care of itself.

No. 2. CHARLES THE FIRST saying to somebody who had evidently no idea of decent behaviour, "Get out! don't undress here!"

No. 8. *Mr. Bo-Peep finding his Sheep.*

No. 20. *The Wooden Sportsman.* "I'm dressed like this in sporting costume, but, as I've only got wooden legs and no joints, I can't get up out of this chair."

No. 47. *Using up Old Materials.* We've seen them all before. All BURGESS's old familiar friends, bless 'em! Glad to see you all again. *Au revoir*—next year, eh?

No. 121. Portrait of Mr. J. L. TOOLE's Acting Manager, Mr. GEORGE LOVEDAY, down on his luck. He has let all the private boxes, and has just received a wire at 7.30 to say that H.R.H. is coming. [Excellent likeness, but why does he call himself "General WILLIAMSON?" Is the latter his professional name and title in Her Majesty's Service?]

No. 135. *Lamb and Gravy.* The Artist, Mr. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., has chosen a delightful subject—lambs and kids in a church-yard. With that sly and subtle humour which distinguishes this master, he has depicted the youthful nurse carrying the smallest kid of the lot, while she, having left the others in the foreground, is flirting under the trees with a youthful swain. On the opposite side, also in the background, the well-trained swain's dog is keeping at bay the parson, who otherwise might interfere and spoil sport. Mothers and daughters may perhaps turn aside from this picture, but there is no doubt of its truth to nature, nor of the moral—the excellent moral—which it really is intended to teach, if the spectator will only take the trouble to extract it for himself.

No. 147. "Take away that Bubble!" Another bid for the Soap Advertiser's second prize of £2000. [Will Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., who won the first prize, be raised to the House of Pears?]

No. 190. This is by the Only MILLAIS. It is an admirable portrait of the immortal *Mr. Barlow*, rendered more immortal than ever at the moment when he has put on his spectacles, and is looking about everywhere to ascertain why on earth those two young rascals, *Sandford* and *Merton*, are not in the picture.

No. 203. Somebody told us that this is intended to be a portrait of Lord CARINGTON. He looks very angry: he is evidently out of sorts, and saying, "I'm not myself at all." Perhaps it was at some critical moment when he was "quite another man." Who did it? *Voilà tout*, "that's HOLL!" So like him. But not much like Lord CARINGTON.

No. 215. "Casting a Glance"—or, at all events, just about to throw her *pince-nez* at somebody.

No. 226. No doubt about this likeness. A picture of Still Life: "*Soft and Low.*"

No. 250. Who is this? Somebody sitting as model for a new figure of *God or Magog* in Guildhall? On consulting the Catalogue, I find it is "*The Marquis of Ripon*," by himself—quite by himself—and painted by Mr. E. J. POYNTER. Poor Markies!

No. 274. Portrait of the Right Hon. Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN as he appeared when disturbed by the announcement of a visitor in the middle of one of his letters to the G. O. M. It is taken at the moment when he is saying, "Dear me! most provoking! Didn't mean to be 'At Home' to-day. Afraid I've got a button off my waistcoat—and I'm wearing out one of my old shirts."

No. 285. Marbleious! No doubt whose hand executed this. Evidently Alma Mater—no, we mean ALMA TADEMA, who, if ever he is titled, should be made a K.C.M.B., or Knight of the Cool Marble Bath.

No. 497. A fine example of ARMITAGE after HERBERT.

No. 521. No mistaking this for anybody but the person for whom the artist, Mr. ROBERT GIBBS, intended it, yea, and nay, H. M. STANLEY, the Explorer and great Traveller. He is represented, as he always is, on his legs, for he hadn't even time to sit for his portrait, nor, we should have thought, to stand for it. As a life-like portrait, without question of artistic merit, it is one of the best in the show.

No. 632. *The Punter Gambolling: or, Leader and the Sycans.*

No. 688. (GOODALL, R.A.) and No. 244 (HERBERT, R.A.), both treat the history of Susannah. That the Elders should each give a different colouring to the story was to be expected as a matter of course. The first Elder, however, is far nearer the naked truth than the second. Out of deference to Mr. H-RSL-Y our artist cannot illustrate the subject.

No. 737. Sporting Picture. Quite a real July day for Hunting. Lady out walking with light summer dress and parasol. Evidently First Meet of the Can't-be-much-Hotter Hounds. The Huntsmen and whips are in the Vale, waiting for servants to bring out strawberry ices and cool drinks. Every sportsman will rejoice in this picture.

No. 732. *The Backward Girls' School.* Pupils learning their Letters by heart,—at post-time.



DIRECTORS OF PUBLIC OPINION IN ART.
 Some Art-Critics on "Press" Day at the Royal Academy.

Mrs. RAMSEYTHAM'S Niece has taken lessons in singing. Her vocalisation is perfect. Her Aunt says, "She has a voice like a Syphon!"



"THE EXHIBITION."

Infuriated Outsider. "R-R-R-REJECTED, SIR!—FWANOSPACE, SIR!" (With withering emphasis.) "WANT-OF-SPACE-SIR!"

GOOD-BYE AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Valedictory Ballad. Music by the Abbé Listz.

DROOPING eyes and wrinkles deep,
All from want of sufficient sleep;
Drowsiness will begin to creep.
My boxes are ready, and, piled up high,
All wheeled out on the platform, lie.
Good-bye, WALTER. Good-bye, good-bye!

Hush! the train is not far away.
"Cross *rid* Antwerp," it seems to say;
"Sleep all to-morrow, not wake, as to-day."

Ah, there it comes! I wonder why

My head should ache and my throat be dry?
Good-bye, BACHE. Good-bye, good-bye!
What are we waiting for? Can't you see I'm tired as ever I can be?
Shake hands? Again? Oh, deary me! I cannot wait any longer, I.
Return some day? Perhaps. I'll try.
Good-bye, NOVELLO. Good-bye, good-bye!

[Falls asleep as train moves off.]

A MAY MEETING.

"MAY at last, by all that's beautiful!" cried Mr. Punch, bowing gracefully to the flower-crowned Nymph. "Welcome! but—what's the matter?"

"Look at these," said May, showing a lapful of withered primroses, dog-roses, violets, and mayblossom. "I gleaned these during five minutes' walk in the wake of some holiday-making Cockney cads, and some hedge-breaking, bank-trampling London costers. They had been 'a-Maying'—after their fashion. That is to say that, some for sordid gain, others in wanton sport, they had been making wild havoc among my hedge-rows, coppices, and hollows, stripping ruthlessly, crushing recklessly, wasting wildly. In fact, just as Fashion, in its mad fancy for bird-trimmings, is fast making the woods songless, so louts and hucksters and badge-flaunting politicians are doing their best to make the fields and forests flowerless, and rob the ripening year of my lavish largesse of wild flowers, which CHAUCER sang in tones as fresh as my dew-drops, and which has been the delight and consolation of myriads of tired eyes and gentle hearts since first an English foot trod an English meadow."

"I see," said Mr. Punch, significantly; "and I will see to it, be sure."

Whereupon May, with a sunny smile of gratitude, sped away over the meadows on her old benignant mission, and Mr. PUNCH, with knitted brow, returned to his urban sanctum to put a rod in pickle for the callous deflowerers of his well-loved floral month. Let the louts and loobies look to it!

THE HAWARDEN MERLIN AND THE IRISH VIVIEN.

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still. And in the wild woods of Hawarden, there, Before a British oak so huge and old, It looked a tower of solid mason-work. At MERLIN's feet the scheming VIVIEN lay. And MERLIN locked his hand in hers, and said, "Oh, did ye never lie upon the shore, And watch the coming opposition wave, Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks? Ev'n such a wave, by no means pleasurable, Dark in the glass of some presageful mood, Had I for three months seen ready to fall. And then I rose and fled the Treasury Bench, To break the mood. You followed me unask'd; And when I looked and saw you following still, You seemed that wave about to break upon me, And sweep me from my hold upon the world, My use and name and fame. But that is past: For deftly have I turned, and now 'tis I That follow thee, and whither thou dost lead There trip I daintily, nor reck the cost Of granting to thee, this, thy little boon" And VIVIEN answer'd, smiling pleasantly, "I own that ye have trod right daintily Whither I led you, yet must I confess I ever fear'd ye were not wholly mine. For even now, a prey to party wiles, I fancy I may lose thee—see thee scared From off thy nobler purpose. So then haste To prove to me that thou in truth art mine, And teach me so that I may know the charm Of woven phrases and of waving words As proof of trust. O MERLIN, teach it me! The charm so taught will charm us both to rest." Then answered MERLIN, "Some would bid me fear, Giving you power upon me through this charm, Lest you might play me falsely, having power, However well ye think ye love me now (As sons of kings loving in pupillage Have turn'd to tyrants when they came to power). Thus HARTINGTON and BRIGHT and CHAMBERLAIN Have one and all thrown out their dark'ning hints And bade me pause, and daily read the *Times* Before I pass the brink, and shatter all." To which the wily VIVIEN quick replied, "O MERLIN, think you not I love you well,— That I will keep my plighted faith with thee! That tribute shall be paid, that liberty Shall be the equal lot of all in all This dost thou doubt? Ah no, thou canst not doubt, Thou know'st that in the golden years to come, No vantage taking from its vantage ground, The Parliament, once met on College Green, Will hold to Empire, and so loyally Do righteous service, and keep honest faith That all the world shall mark thy work, and cry 'Amen,' and say 'twas wisely, bravely done.' So she. And then she called him lord and liege, Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve, Her god, her MERLIN, the one passionate love Of her whole life, till he both overtalked And overworn by her too cloying speech, Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then in one moment she put forth the charm Of woven phrases and of waving words, And in the hollow oak he lay as dead, And lost to life and use and name and fame; Then crying "I have made his glory mine," And shrieking out, "He's done!" the harpy leapt Adown the forest, and the thicket closed Behind her, and the forest echo'd "Done!"

THE HOME QUESTION AND TRUE ANSWER.—The extracts from the speeches of FOX, and the writings of SYDNEY SMITH on the Irish Home Rule Question, as given by Correspondents in the *Daily News*, have been admirably appropriate. But Mr. Punch would sum up all that can be said on the subject in one question, which is, "Has the English Nation, invariably, and as a rule, done to the Irish as they would wish the Irish should do to them?" There can be but one plain answer, "Most decidedly not." Therefore, when the opportunity arrives—*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 30.



WESTMINSTER HALL. AFTER THE RECESS. "PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS."

THE VICTORIAN ERA OF NEW VEHICLES.

THE New Hansom will be fitted with—Whistle to attract Driver's attention; speaking tube; semaphore, to direct him; electric bell, in case any of the above get out of order; machinery to open and shut doors; machinery to open and shut windows; small box to receive coin. Machinery for giving change, measuring distance, detecting false notes or false money, and a clock.

Also, a Library, to consist of a "Hansom-ly bound Series," which will include—Maps of London, Amusing Stories, Court Guides, Trade Directories, &c.

There will be machinery for electric lighting the interior of cab by night, for lighting cigars, and for working musical-box, to amuse the "Fare" in course of long drive. The Driver will be bound to provide cards, cribbage and backgammon boards: Telegram forms, pencils in a case; lights, cigars if required; also brandies-and-sodas, lemonade, and cold tea.

The Driver of the new Victoria will carry with him a box containing various coloured liveries, and hats, with or without cockades, to match. Extra charge at so much per quarter of an hour: two-pence more for cockaded hat. At all the stands there will be stationed boys in liveries who, at so much an hour, will accompany the vehicle, sit on the box, descend, assist the ladies out, carry parcels, be responsible for purchases, and will leave cards at private houses, with all the genuine air and manner of a first-class London footman.

N.B.—Suitable liveries and powdered wigs will be kept ready at all the cab-shelters, and a staff of young men, with guaranteed calves, always available to act as footmen to accompany the Victorias and Landauettes.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.

THERE'S a funny Exhibition, a sensation for the Maytime, The Whistlerian "arrangement," so he says, "in brown and gold;" If you're passing up New Bond Street, ask at DOWDESWELL's, in the daytime, Where the little panorama of queer pictures is unrolled.

JIMMY WHISTLER can do nothing just like any other fellow, Here are very tiny pictures with a precious lot of frame; While above you hangs an awning diabolically yellow, And the footman in attendance is a mass of gamboge flame.

Here are "Harmonies" and "Notes" too, and here hangs each mystic "Nocturne," Just a sort of painted chaos of a melancholy green; There is one that's pen-and-inky, if it gives you quite a shock, turn To the dabs of paint—the people on the sands at Trouville seen.

Let us gaze upon this spectre with the legs a trifle shaky, That's the "green and brown" *Orlando*, as folks saw it down at Coombe; But that black and gold "arrangement"—a mad girl—quite "takes the cake," I Can imagine that she's saying, "What a show and what a room!"

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW and Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH were the "Vacation Judges." No better Judges of a Vacation than these two. We hope they enjoyed themselves.

ONE COL. ON'Y OF COLONIES.

By D. Crambo, Jun.



THEY have been a few duels between the Author of *La France Juive* and severe critics of his book. Its Publisher might advertise it as illustrated with Cuts. Madame ADAM wrote to deny that she was *Juive*. The wife of ADAM might also have added that there are few prettier Christian names than *Eve*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the senders.

THE REEL OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBISHUN.

IN course I was present perfecknally at the fust opening of the grand Colonial and Ingian Exhibition, for whenever certain important Gents is gathered together, and you want to make 'em comforal and good natured, of course you must give 'em summat nice to eat and summat nice to drink, and so in course you carnt do without Waiters. Of course I am not eluding to yesterday's opening, wen hevverbody and enybody could go in for a ginny, but the reel fust opening, about a fortnite ago, as was reserved for the Gentlemen of the Press, or as one of 'em rudely called theirselves, the Press Gang. I was standing quietly watching their arrival, and thinking wot a jolly nice perfecknion theirs must be, always in the best places and always well looked arter, and nothink to pay, when there occurrd another of them wunderfool things as so often appens to me. For seeing me a standing there, looking with a degree of respect amounting to haw at them as has it in their power to make anythink, however splendid, a failure, and anythink else, however silly, a suckess, who should take a site at me but Sir CUNLIFFE OWING, the Commander-in-Chief of the whole blooming lot, and he says to me, says he, "Come along, Mr. ROBERT, you are one of us, you know." I was so astonished that I really thinks as I almost blushed, tho' not quite used to the blushing mood, as the Marshoness said wen she seed the new Bally. However I jined 'em in their Journey; but of course, as good taste diktates, keeping at such a respeckfool distance as might lend enchantment to the view.

The fust thing as we seed was summat as made me turn pail with estonishment. It is called "Jungle Life." Ah, it must be sunthink like life to live in a Jungle like that. It shows you a reglar thick wood in India, with such trees and bushes as I never seed afore, full of a reglar crowd of Elephants and Tigers and Snakes and Bears and Lepperds and things.

One of the Press Gentlemen kindly told me the names of sum of the werry strangest Beastes there. Such as the Great Bore, that everybody avoids, the Cheat' em from Monaco, the Covey's Gammon, the Bare Singer, quite nude, the Samburn, which wasn't a bit like him, the Porkypie, with his hookey nose, the Bufferlow, or low buffer, the Allygaiters, but not wearing 'em, and the Hoggish Dear, or large female feeder. My kind informant wanted to perswade me that a slippery, black-looking, slimy serpent, was a Dyson, but I wasn't quite such a fool as to beleve that, for I had jest before heard him called a Piethon.

Well, after this we set out on our Travels, with our Commander-in-Chief a leading the way, and me a bringing up the rear like a Mager-General of the Commyserriet, as they calls the wittels and drink Department in the Harym. Ah, what a Traveller Sir PHILIP must ha bin! Why he guided us all through Ingia, then through Africay, and then through all the Horsetrailian Colonys, as if he had spent all his life in each one of 'em sepperately and known em all by Art. And in each differing Country he gave us little 5 minute lectures that told us all about 'em, and I leant more Jografy, I think it's called, in that two hours voyage than I never leant in all my long life afore. Ah, wot he carries in his not werry big head must be about enuff for a Commander-in-Cheef, and a Prime Minister and a Chance-seller of the Xchecker all in won. I wasn't at all aware 'till then that Canada was quite so close to Queenaland, but then we all lives and learns, Hed Waiters and all. When we was in Africa, which wasn't near so hot as I expected, my kind frend pointed out to me the Dimond Washings, and showed me the black holes as they took the werry biggest dimonds out of. I had jest a shadder of dowl as to the strict werassity of this statement, but he looked so serious, and withstood my stern gaze so carmly that I was forced to yield.

What struck me most when we got to New South Whales was the pride as they takes in their gallant Wollunteers. There is a splendid large Photograff, about six or seven feet high, with butiful likenesses of evry one of the brave fellers as wolluntreed to fit with us in the Soodang last year; and this I will say, that a finer lookin set of smart fellers I never seed, not even at Holdyeshot; and what I shoud like to see dun wood be for the old Copperashun to give a grand Bankwot of thanks to as many of 'em as has come over, in their old Gildhall, and I prommises, in the name of my Order, that we will all wollunteer to wait on 'em for nothink, no, not even for taking care of their Ats!

I leaves to my Bretheren of the Press the task of describing the menny butiful things as we seed, they're more used to that sort of thing than me; but I quite agreed with the gushing Heditor of one of the Sporting Papers who I wentered to speak to on the subjecy, and who said he was quite ready to offer five ponys to two that for wunderful works of Natur, and butiful works of Hart, sitch a collection had never bin seen since Hexebishuns was first invented, for he knew as he should win in a canter with both hands down. I didn't like to ask him why he kept so many ponys, he might have thought it rude, or why he should put both his hands down when he won, he might have thought me hignorant; but jest to give a slite idear of the way as they does things in Ingry, I may menahun, as there is jest a mere Pidgin House, sent over as a sample, that is all smothered over with butiful carving, and cost about £5,000!

When the Gentlemen of the Press retired to Lunch, I accompanied them to the dore, but I known my place better than to enter that abode of bliss, though by that time I was that jolly hungry that I could evn have eaten sum cold mutton, not that there was anythink of that sort there; so I retired to my proper place, gratefool tho' hungry.

ROBERT.

VERB. SAP.—Beware of any set of people calling themselves "Knights of Labour." The Order has existed in France for a very long time, where they are known as "Chevaliers d'industrie."

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